H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, and 2, VICTORIA STREET (late of the Arcade).

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

Vol. II.—No. 59. MANCHESTER, Saturday, September 25th. Price One Penny.

Fresh Arrivals of Tea at
J. F. MART'S
ESTABLISHMENTS,
Opposite Town Hall, Salford;
110, Borough Buildings, London Road,
AND
62, Oldham Road, Manchester.

Congou . . 2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, Rich Pekoe-flavor, 3/- & 3/4.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

VELOCIPEDE MICHAUX

MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future
MR. S. DAWSON,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER,
Will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

McCONNELL & FRASER,
TAILORS,
AND
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS,
CITY BUILDINGS,
CORPORATION STREET,
MANCHESTER.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
Gold Lever ditto.....£7. 10s. to £21. 0s.
Gold Horizontal ditto, £3. 3s. to £7. 7s.
Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
Of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
T. ARMSTRONG & BROTHER,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
88, DEANSGATE.
Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

IN REFERENCE

To WINE it is a fact that many persons are pleased if they can say "We import our own." They have an impression that by so doing they not only get it cheaper but purer; and, besides, there is the honour of importing. They overlook altogether that those Foreign Dealers who seek them out are quite aware of this amiable weakness, and do not fail to take advantage of it to add some shillings to the price. To assist the impression they judiciously insinuate that their article is purer than what usually comes to England, and thus they lull that desire for comparison which would soon dispel the delusion.

These remarks apply specially to

GERMAN WINES,

And, in proof of them, we would ask those Gentlemen who buy such Wines to compare our

STILL HOCK AT

20s.	with their own importing at	24s.	
24s.	Do.	do.	,, 28s.
33s.	Do.	do.	,, 36s.
42s.	Do.	do.	,, 46s. to 48s.
48s.	Do.	do.	,, 54s. to 60s.

SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.

36s.	Do.	do.	,, 42s.
48s.	Do.	do.	,, 54s. to 60s.
60s. & 66s.	Do.	do.	,, 66s. to 80s.

Even supposing the value to be equal, there is this advantage in buying here, that any quantity can be got when wanted; whereas, in importing, a quantity of money is locked up, probably for years, in an article not of every day consumption.

James Smith & Company,
WINE MERCHANTS,
26, Market Street, Manchester.
11, Lord Street, Liverpool.
28, High Street, Birmingham.

THE TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER will destroy cockroaches, beetles, and crickets sooner and more effectually than any other preparation ever offered to the public. It is perfectly harmless to dogs or cats, as they will not touch it. The following is one out of a number of testimonials which the proprietor has received:—

"25, Carnarvon-street, Cheetham Hill Road,
"Manchester, April 29th, 1869.

"Mr. E. Griffiths Hughes.—Sir,—The effect of your tropical beetle powder is really marvellous. I laid some down one night, and the next morning the floor was fairly covered with cockroaches, dead and dying. I may say there were hundreds of them. After applying it three times, we were quite free from them.—Yours very truly,
"JAMES MILNER."

Manufactured by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester; and sold by all chemists, in 6d. and 1s. packets.
MAYER'S New Patent GASOGENES, for making half gallon of Soda Water, price 25s.

COMPARISON
THE TRUE TEST OF CHEAPNESS.
New Season's Congou.....2/6
Extra fine Pekoe Souchong.....3/4
JOHN W. SCOTT,
FAMILY GROCER,
276, DEANSGATE,
MANCHESTER.

Wedding Breakfasts,
BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

Protected by Royal Letters Patent.
THE WHEELER and WILSON
"New," "Silent Working"
SEWING MACHINES
Are NOT *to be had in Manchester except* at
22, OLDHAM STREET.
No Machines are genuine without the Company's name on the cloth plate, thus:—
"Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co.,
"Bridgeport, Conn."
Nearly 400,000 Sold.
PRICES FROM £8.
Manufacturers by appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.
22, OLDHAM STREET, Manchester.

JOHN CAVANAH, HATTER, BOOTMAKER, and OUTFITTER, "Number Eleven," Oxford-st., (St. Peters). Agent for LINCOLN and BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS. Walking, Dress, & Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Overcoats, Rugs, &c., in great variety.

TO THE ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS
OF THE
EASTERN DIVISION OF THE COUNTY OF CHESTER.

GENTLEMEN,

In consequence of the lamented death of your highly-valued late member, Mr. Edward Christopher Egerton, I have had the honour of being solicited to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages.

I will frankly admit, so far as my own personal feelings are concerned, that I should have preferred to continue doing my duties in private life; but these are times when no man should hesitate to come forward, if, by any effort of his, he can promote the public welfare.

I am ready, therefore, to place my best services at your disposal, if you consider me suited to watch over your interests in Parliament.

A faithful member, I trust, of the Church of England, I hail at the same time with pleasure the good efforts of those who labour in the cause of religion, under whatever denomination.

I am a supporter of sound Conservative principles and measures; and I delight to see progress in all that concerns the happiness and well-being of our community.

Having always taken an active and practical interest in the question of National Education, I should devote my best energies to the continued consideration of that subject.

No effort shall be wanting on my part to remedy, if possible, the grievous injustice which has been done to our county by the Cattle Plague Rate. This plague was a national calamity, and compensation for its losses ought, in my opinion, to have been made from the national purse.

Another great injustice, specially affecting the development of commerce in our county, is the want of reciprocity in the treaties with France in reference to silk; deeply lamenting the great suffering which has been brought about by this cause, I will seize any opportunity which may present itself for a remedy.

The attention which circumstances have all my life compelled me to give to the agriculture and commerce of this district may, I hope, without presumption, enable me to promise that your interests will not suffer if committed to my care.

I will take the earliest opportunity of meeting you.

I am, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CUNLIFFE BROOKS.

BARLOW HALL, MANCHESTER, *September* 10, 1869.

EAST CHESHIRE ELECTION.

WILLIAM CUNLIFFE BROOKS, ESQ. WILL ADDRESS THE ELECTORS

At the JUNCTION INN, MOTTRAM, this day, Friday, the 24th September, at Three o'clock in the afternoon.
At ST. THOMAS'S SCHOOLROOM, HYDE, on the same day, at Seven o'clock in the evening.
At the NATIONAL SCHOOLROOM, HOLLINGWORTH, on Saturday, the 25th Sep, at Six o'clock evening.
At the QUEEN'S HOTEL, in ALDERLEY, on Monday, the 27th Sep. at half-past Seven o'clock in the evening.
At DUKINFIELD. on Tuesday, the 28th September, at Seven o'clock in the evening.
At the NATIONAL SCHOOLROOM, BREDBURY, on Wednesday, the 29th Sep. at Seven o'clock in the evening.
At the ATHENÆUM, COMPSTALL, WERNETH, on Thursday, the 30th Sep. at Three o'clock in the afternoon.
At the NATIONAL SCHOOLROOM, MARPLE, on Thursday, the 30th Sep. at Seven o'clock in the evening.
At the RAILWAY HOTEL, WHALEY BRIDGE, on Friday, the 1st October, at Three o'clock in the afternoon.
At the NATIONAL SCHOOLROOM, DISLEY, on Friday, the 1st October, at Seven o'clock in the evening.
At the NATIONAL SCHOOL ROOM, HAZEL GROVE, on Saturday, the 2nd Oct. at Three o'clock afternoon.
And at PRESTBURY, on Monday, the 4th October, at Seven o'clock in the Evening.

T. W. TATTON, *Chairman.*

RICHARDSON ANDREW,
EGERTON LEIGH,
CHARLES BAKER,
T. H. SIDEBOTTOM,
} *Vice Chairmen.*

EAST CHESHIRE ELECTION.

SIR E. W. WATKIN WILL ADDRESS THE ELECTORS

On FRIDAY, 24th, at half-past Seven p.m., at the Primitive Methodist School Room, BREDBURY.
SATURDAY, 25th, at Five p.m., at the Shepherd's Home, MICKLEHURST; and
On the same day, at Eight p.m., at the Hyde Road School Room, MOTTRAM-IN-LONGDENDALE.
MONDAY, 27th, at Six p.m., at WHALEY BRIDGE; and
On the same day, at Eight p.m., at HAZEL GROVE.
TUESDAY, 28th, at half-past Seven p.m., at NEWTON.
WEDNESDAY, 29th, at Eight p.m., at HOLLINGWORTH.
THURSDAY, 30th, at half-past Seven p.m., at STYALL; and on
FRIDAY, October 1st, at half-past Seven p.m., at RAINOW.

THOMAS ASHTON, CHAIRMAN.
THOS. U. BROCKLEHURST, VICE-CHAIRMAN.

NOTICE.

THE attention of Parents and others is requested to a PATENTED IMPROVEMENT in HOODS for PERAMBULATORS & INVALID CARRIAGES, which is a simple contrivance for raising or lowering the hood of such vehicles, and dispenses with the use of the strap ordinarily used. This invention may be applied at a small cost to any vehicle; is cheaper than anything which has preceded it, and is warranted for two years, the same as all Carriages sold at this establishment.

JOS. WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly, Manchester.

VELOCIPEDES constructed on the best principle, usually charged £10, selling at £7. 10.

OLD BOOKS,
Libraries, and Small Parcels of Books,
BOUGHT BY
THOMAS SUTTON,
BOOKSELLER,
91, OXFORD-ST., near the Railway Arch.

BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!
McCANEY & CO.,
17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET,
And 205, CITY ROAD, offer the best
NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER
At 10d., 11d., and 1s per lb.
EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.
FRESH ARRIVALS DAILY.

THE
Globe Parcel Express,
127a, MARKET STREET.
PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE
CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
SHILLITO AND SHORLAND,
Ironmongers and Gas Fitters,
IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,
Owing to the great increase of their business, have
taken the large and extensive Premises,
160, 162, and 164,
STRETFORD ROAD,
lately occupied by JOHN VERTEGANS and Co., Ironmongers (Limited), where will be found a large and well selected STOCK, at the Lowest Prices for Cash.
☞ Price Lists on application.
All kinds of Repairs promptly attended to.

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS
fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS
IMPORTANT FOR THE DELICATE.—It is difficult to determine which is the more trying to the human constitution—the damp, cold days of the autumn and winter, or the keen, dry, easterly winds of spring. Throughout the seasons good health may be maintained by occasional doses of Holloway's Pills, which purify the blood and act as wholesome stimulants to the skin, stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys. This celebrated medicine needs but a fair trial to convince the ailing and desponding that it will restore and cheer them without danger, pain, or inconvenience. No family should be without a supply of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, as by a timely recourse to them the first erring function may be reclaimed, suffering may be spared, and life saved.

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.
NICOLL'S
TRICHANOPHRON
Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED
BY
NICOLL'S
ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.
One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.
PREPARED BY
NICOLL,
11, AIR-ST., REGENT'S QUADRANT, LONDON.

NICOLL'S
GOLDEN TINCTURE,
For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,
For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.
Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.
Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.
Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

MORRIS & BROWN,
AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS,
13, South King-street, Manchester.
D. ALONZO MORRIS.
C. J. BROWN.

J. HAYWARD,
(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)
Window Blind Manufacturer
5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.
Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

HOLIDAY NOTES AND RAMBLES.

HINTS FOR TOURISTS.

The following descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
34.—Wastdale and Christopher North.
37.—The Ascent of the Glyder (North Wales).
40.—A Walk to Rostherne.
42.—Ambleside and Hartley Coleridge.
43.—To Erin's Isle: by Edwin Waugh.
44.—Disley and Lyme Hall.
45 & 46.—Paris as Seen by a Manchester Man.
48.—Three Days in Wild Wales.
49.—Belfast to Portrush: by Edwin Waugh.
50.—A Walk to Bramhall.
51.—Blackpool in 1869.
52.—The Valleys of the Lune and of North Derbyshire.
53.—Lytham and Southport.
54.—Alton Towers.

CRICKET and ATHLETIC SPORTS IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles and descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
34.—Crossing Swords with Her Majesty's Inniskillings.
37.—A Bicycle Race at the Free Trade Hall.
39.—The Cumbrian and Westmorland Wrestlers.
40.—Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
41.—Owens College Athletic Sports.
43.—Lancashire *v.* Surrey, at Old Trafford.
44.—The Bicycle Contests at the Amphitheatre.
46.—An Assault-of-Arms at the Free Trade Hall.
47.—The Match between Lancashire and Sussex.
48.—The Athletic Festival.
49.—Amateur *v.* Professional Cricket.
49.—Athletic Fete at Longsight.
50.—Mode of Awarding Athletic Prizes.
51.—Lancashire Cricketers in the South.
52.—Pedestrianism *v.* Gymnastics.
53.—Lancashire *v.* Warwickshire.
54.—Swimming Races at the Mayfield Bath.
54.—Manchester *v.* Broughton.
55.—Lancashire *v.* Sussex.
56.—The Great Boat Race: Oxford *v.* Harvard.

CHURCHES & PREACHERS IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
33.—Sunday Evening with the Secularists.
34.—A Morning with the Unitarians.
37.—The Rev. W. A. O'Connor.
38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).
39.—A Morning with the Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—Whit Sunday at St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41.—The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's, Hulme).
48.—St. Saviour's Church (Rev W. F. Birch).
50.—The Rev. J. Anderson Gardiner (Presbyterian Church).
51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).
52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).
53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).

DIRECTORY.

[In the case of those names which are marked with an asterisk (*) a more detailed advertisement appears in another column.]

AMUSEMENTS & PUBLIC NOTICES.

*PRINCE'S THEATRE, Oxford-street.—Every night.
*POMONA GARDENS, Cornbrook.
*ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Belle Vue.

AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS.

*MORRIS and BROWN, 13, South King-street.

BUTTER MERCHANTS.

*McCANEY and Co. 17, James-street, Smithfield Market, and 205, City Road.

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.

*Tic Doloreux Pills: JONES'S, 149, Chapel-street, Salford.
*Tropical Beetle Powder: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, Chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester.

CONFECTIONERS.

*PARKER and SON, St. Mary's Gate.

GROCERS AND TEA DEALERS.

*J. F. MART, 110, Borough Buildings, London Road.
*J. W. SCOTT, 276, Deansgate.

HATTERS.

*JAMES GEE, 13, Market-street.
*R. HUSBAND, 35, Market-street and Oldham-street.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, &c.

*CONCERT INN, York-st.—F. D. Clarke, Proprietor.
*NEW TOWN HALL RESTAURANT & Luncheon Bar, 51, Princess-street, Albert-square.
*THE OLD BANK LUNCHEON BAR and Chop Rooms, 85, Market-street.
*THE SHADES & OLD BANK RESTAURANTS, 2, New Brown-street, and 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, and 89, Market-street.—J. Bury, Proprietor.

HOUSE FURNISHERS.

*R. H. GIBSON, 90, to 96, Stretford Road, and 78, Oldham-street.

IRONMONGERS.

*SHILLITO and SHORLAND, 160 to 164, Stretford Road.

INDIA RUBBER GOODS.

*H. STATHAM and Co. 11, Corporation-street.

JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

*T. ARMSTRONG and BROTHER, 88, Deansgate.
*R. WALMSLEY, 129, Oldham-street.

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN.

*G. R. ALLINSON, 54 and 54a, High-street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*Carriage Manufacturer: J. H. SMITH, Victoria-street, Congleton.
*Globe Parcel Express Company: 127a, Market-st.
*Patent Corkscrew: GEORGE TWIGG, 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.
*Perambulators: JOHN OWEN, 1, Oldham-street, and 80, Deansgate.
*Porpoise-skin Boot Laces: GILL and Co., 12, Brewer-street, Golden-Square, London.
*Starch Manufacturers: WOTHERSPOON & Co. Glasgow and London.

OUTFITTERS.

*H. R. FREEBORN & Co., Commercial Buildings, Cross-street, and 2, Victoria-street (late of the Arcade).
*JOHN CAVANAH, 11, Oxford-street.

SEWING MACHINES.

*"FLORENCE" LOCK STITCH, 19 and 21, Blackfriars-street, corner of Deansgate.
*GROVER and BAKER'S, 67, Oldham-street.—J. Hodgson, Agent.
*W. GARNER, Park Works, Park-street, near Ducie Bridge.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

*J. G. KERSHAW and Co. 37, Oxford-street.

TAILORS.

*McCONNELL & FRASER, City Buildings, Corporation-street.
*SHIRLEY and HILL, 52, Market-street.

TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS.

*HARGRAVES, 44, Swan-street, and 2 to 10, Mason-street.
*J. C. EDWARDS & Co., 107, Piccadilly, near the Railway Station.

UMBRELLA MANUFACTURERS.

*DUNKERLEY & FRANKS, 7, Swan-st., New Cross.

VELOCIPEDES.

*JOSEPH WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly: (also Perambulators and Invalids' Carriages.
*KERSHAW'S, Store-street, Ancoats.
*MICHAUX and Co. Agent: S. Dawson, 56, Deansgate.

WINDOW BLINDS.

*J. HAYWARD, 5, John Dalton-street.

WINE MERCHANTS.

*JAMES SMITH and COMPANY, 26, Market-street, Manchester; 11, Lord-street, Liverpool; 28, High-street, Birmingham.
*J. STOCKS and Co. 121, Broad-street, Pendleton, and 266, Stretford Road.

The charges for insertion in the Directory, which are extremely moderate, may be ascertained by post, or on personal application to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street, Manchester.

G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 & 54a, High-st.

OVER THE NAN BIELD PASS TO HAWESWATER.

Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks, and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled.
WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION.

TO those familiar with the Lake Country it must be apparent that the railways which have invaded it on all sides are rapidly changing its character. It is no longer the quiet seclusion that Scott, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Wilson found it. Once it was only accessible to rich tourists, who made their way into it by mail coaches and post-chaises, or to pedestrians who were willing to make long pilgrimages in search of the picturesque. Now it is crowded with excursionists who, in the season, fill its little towns, and swarm like bees upon its mountains and lakes. But the worst form of this modern invasion is in the shape of the cheap day-trippers, who flock in shoals to Windermere and Derwentwater, making their pleasant borders the scenes of rude and noisy revelry. There are, however, a few quiet places left, which are out of the line of ordinary tourists, and far removed from the reach of day-trippers—peaceful, unviolated sanctuaries among the hills, only known and sought by those lovers of nature who are willing to toil over mountain barrier and through rock-guarded portals to gain access to them. One of them is Haweswater, a little lake on the east side of the district, much resembling Wastwater on the west side, in its lovely solitude and wild surroundings. It is shut in on all sides by high mountains, and rarely visited, even by pedestrians.

We started off on an early day of the present month, with the intention of reaching it if possible before nightfall. Leaving Victoria station at noon, we were quickly emancipated from the smoky-chimneyed buildings of brickwork which men call Manchester. Rapidly we progressed, by town and hamlet, through mead and corn land, past coaly Wigan, "proud" Preston, towered Lancaster, the shores of Morecambe Bay, and pleasant Kendal, until we were set down at the little station of Staveley, ten minutes' railway ride from Windermere. Staveley is a quiet, ancient little town, with grey and white houses, and bobbin and woollen mills clustered on the banks of the Kent, and at the entrance to the valley of Kentmere. It got its charter as a market town in 1329, and in 1341 there was a fulling mill within its precincts. Here, it is said, lived Richard Braithwaite, better known as Drunken Barnaby, the author of *Four Journeys to the North of England*, in English and Latin verse, and other quaint poems. Staveley is rarely used by tourists as a starting place, so we were alone of that class as we stepped out of the train on to the platform among the honest country folk returning from Kendal market. Our plan of operations was to go up Kentmere Valley and cross the pass of Nan Bield into Mardale, where Haweswater lies.

The valley lay open before us, the mountains rising up in wavy folds on each side, and closing up the distant view. It was late in the afternoon of a September day (too late to set out upon such a journey, as we afterwards found to our cost), and there was a rich autumn glow over the valley as we took up our knapsack and made our way down the railway embankment to the town below. We passed quickly out of it, taking the road by the margin of the Kent, which here comes brawling over moss-clad boulders like a true mountain stream. Crossing it a little way out of the town, we proceeded up the right bank, along a road which afforded a pleasant outlook over the vale. There was a soft pastoral beauty about the lower ground, and the green pasturage ran up the fells on each side into craggy knolls crowned with feathery firs, that stood above them like heralds on the mountain outposts. Under the shade of a fir wood, on a mossy stone wall, an old jackdaw sat and eyed us curiously as we walked towards him. There was a mild contemplative melancholy in his look, and he allowed us to approach within a yard before he quietly flew down into the valley. Presently we came to where the road wound, unfenced, into a broad flat stretch of green meadow, bordered by a fringe of woodland, and backed up by the seamed and scarred mountains. The stream runs through this pleasant area, and, at the further end of it, perched upon green knolls, are the cottages forming the village of Kentmere. Prominently among them is the picturesque mountain church, with its whitewashed tower and walls, against which, in strong relief, a grave yew tree spreads its dark green arms. In this little hamlet, at Kentmere Hall, in 1517, was born Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, a man who, with his strong religious zeal, succeeded in taming the wild and lawless borderers, who dwelt on what was called the debatable ground.

Leaning on the bridge over the stream was a dalesman, of whom we enquired the road to Mardale. With a tone and manner as if he had visited some far-off place, he told us that he had been to the Dun Bull there, and directed us up a leafy lane on the right, shady with hazels. Up this we went, and at the top turned to the left, and climbing the higher grouud came to a cluster of cottages on the edge of the moorland. The light of evening was mellowing the landscape, and peasants were coming home from their scanty harvest fields. We again enquired our way of a woman who bore great wheat sheaves under her arms. She told us the ordinary way to Mardale lay through Long Sleddale. She had never been over Nan Bield, the way we wished to go, but we should find it by following the path along the valley. We left her and passed from among a little cluster of cottages, through a few fields of cultivated ground, which, however, soon melted into the wilderness. Arriving at a slate quarry near the end of the valley, we were unable to trace the path farther, but descried a solitary white cottage standing near the stream among the boulder-strewn mossy ground. We knocked at the door, and it was opened by a woman, accompanied by a noisy dog who evidently disliked the intrusion. In reply to our queries she showed us the rock-guarded gap in the mountain to the right which formed the pass of Nan Bield. She offered to go with us a little way, a kindness which we readily accepted. The valley here is closed in by High Street, Nan Bield, and other lofty heights, and a reservoir to supply the Kent has been formed by damming the valley across at the foot of this great watershed. Our guide informed us that her lad had charge of the reservoir; it was his duty each night about ten or eleven to turn the water down the stream. To do this he had to cross a tract of wild and stony ground, and the good woman said "she was sair afraid he might hurt hissell on neets when snae was on th' groond." She said she had found the place very lonely when she first came there, but had got accustomed to the solitude. Leaving her we passed the end of the reservoir, and pressed up the green slope of the mountain to the right. Shadows were beginning to creep about the valley, and the blue of the sky was rapidly fading to grey. Owing to the delay caused by an ugly sprain got in crossing a stone fence, the twilight was deepening into night when we reached the summit of the pass. The view of the opposite valley was somewhat startling in its contrast to that by which we had come. Stretched before us, we saw a chaotic confusion of stones, forming the descent to a depth much lower than that from which we had ascended. The mountains rose up all about the valley, giving to it an air of majestic gloom. Harter Fell, with its wild precipice resembling Honister Crag, towered above on the right; on the left were the crags above Blea Tarn and the ridges of High Street. Below, far down, in weird indistinction, lay Small Water Tarn, with its rocky shore, and the shadows of the mountains reflected in its sombre depths. Viewed in that mysterious light which rests on the edge of dark, there was an awe inspiring grandeur about the scene which we shall not soon forget. There was just a spice of danger to increase the sense of gloom, for it was evident we were being benighted in a strange place.

In the rapidly fading light we could just distinguish a habitation in the far distance; and so there was nothing for it but to push on as quickly as possible through the desolation. To those accustomed to well-lighted streets there is something almost appalling about a night-walk among the mountains. It is impossible not to feel at such a time the stern, unsympathizing indifference of nature. Down the rugged way we stumbled, with difficulty making out the path, which was formed of sharp angular stones. Presently this was lost, and our progress became a scramble downwards. Now and then we would slip into treacherous mosses, for the light was insufficient to show the nature of

the ground. Keeping down to the margin of the tarn, we regained the path, but only to lose it again after a while. At the foot of the tarn we crossed the stream and kept working downwards by it, this being always the safest course in such emergencies. One by one the stars came out in the quiet sky, some of them seeming to peer at us over the black edges of the mountains, while the deep silence was only broken by the sound of water. Now it became a scramble downwards and forwards, without landmarks, and with an increasing sense of loneliness, and a vague notion of having to spend a night, vagabond fashion, under the shelter of some rock. By this time we had come to the conclusion that we had made a mistake in starting out so late, and without a companion; but we pushed on hopefully, through the dark, and over the uneven ground. At length we came to a high stone fence which crossed the valley, and through an opening in which the water-course found its way. We crossed and re-crossed the stream in vain, in search of an outlet, for it was impossible to wade down its stony channel. After a time we found a gate in the wall, and came upon enclosed ground, within which were horses grazing. Eventually, having lost and found the path a score times, and after two hours' weary walking from the summit of the pass, we came almost suddenly upon a house enclosed with trees. A light gleamed from a doorway across the porchyard. We knocked, and it was opened by a man, the lower part of whose face indicated that we had disturbed him in the operation of shaving. We asked for the inn, and were told that we had reached it. Never was hostelry more welcome than this cheery, hospitable one of the Dun Bull. We were the only visitor, and were unexpected at that time. A cheerful meal, and pipe and chat with the worthy host, by the kitchen fire, made matters look brighter than they had done a short time previous. Our host informed us that, a few evenings before, two travellers had arrived at midnight, having wandered about the fells from three in the afternoon. On reaching the inn they were too exhausted to eat or drink.

We rested well for the night, but on the morrow rose to find an unpleasant lameness as the result of the previous day's walking. However, we climbed an eminence to get a view of the lake and the valley. Haweswater is some three miles long and about a mile wide, finely wooded on the right bank with the trees of Naddle Forest, and with lofty fells guarding it on the left. There had been rain in the night, and, though the morning was fine, the mists were creeping about the summits of the mountains, trailing their white ghostly forms about the precipices of Harter Fell, and obscuring the grassy slopes of High Street. We looked back along the way we had come, and found that daylight had deprived it of much of its terror. Wild it certainly did look, but by no means dangerous, when one could see the way. Like Wastdale Head, this hamlet of Mardale Green consists of a few scattered houses, occupied mainly by yeomen who own sheep on the surrounding fells. Our worthy host told us that he, also, was a sheep farmer. One yeoman in the dale is the descendant of a family who have resided there since the Conquest. Like other solitary hamlets in the Lake Country, this one has its solitary little chapel in which the dalesmen meet for worship. Returning to the inn, we found seated by the kitchen fire an old guide, with whom we bargained to take us to the top of High Street, intending to cross the mountains to Ambleside. Taking leave of our kind host and hostess, whose courteous attention and care cannot be too highly praised, and whose charges are of the most modest description, we started on our journey, but what with the difficulty of the road and the mist which enclosed us like a shroud, it proved almost as arduous a task to get out of the valley as we had found it to get in. In two hours from leaving the inn, which included a long pause on Long Stile Ridge to see whether the mist would rise, we reached the flat grassy expanse of High Street, and in the mist parted with our guide on the old Roman road, 2,700 feet above the sea level. With minute instructions how to proceed, the most important of which were to keep a stone wall to the left, cross one at right angles with it, descend into the valley of Threasthwaite Mouth, ascend again on the opposite side, cross another wall and bear to the left, we pushed on, slipping down deep loose screes, climbing craggy heights with the damp mist close about us, and sheep staring wonderingly at us as we came suddenly upon them. In a while the mist cleared partially, and showed us Hayes Water and the distant Red Screes about Kirkstone. Then we sighted the blue slate roof of the Traveller's Rest, on Kirkstone Pass, and looking towards Patterdale could see Brothers Water and Ullswater. After two hours walking from High Street we found ourselves gently and cautiously descending the steep mountain side to the pass. A little while later we were refreshing ourselves at the inn, previous to walking down Stockdale to Ambleside.

MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURE.

III.—FUTURE.

MANCHESTER, if the work of reconstruction goes on at its present rate, will be a new city before the next half century is over; and the question we would now ask is, whether any of the present architecture is worthy of being taken as a sample or a model of or for that which is to come? While giving great credit to our architects, we would urge that, though some of their work undonbtedly points in the right direction, very little of it deserves copying. Take the Assize Courts, for instance. Nobody will deny that the Assize Courts possess a fair amount of beauty, and that they were a great advance on anything previously erected in Manchester, but now that their novelty has somewhat worn away and we come to analyze them, we find that they are—to use a phrase we have used before—composed rather than designed. The principal front exhibits three rows of windows, all of different dates, and entirely different "feeling." French, English, and Venetian Gothic are all represented. The details, too, though good as copies, are not original; and then we have mean work, in mean material, wherever it is a little concealed from view. We cannot criticize the new Town Hall until it is a little more advanced, but we hope it will throw the Assize Courts into the shade.

For real artistic merit we still think the new warehouse in Portland Street far superior, externally, to any other of Mr. Waterhouse's work. It might have been higher with advantage, but we shall be quite content to take it as an earnest of the warehouses of the future. Indeed it has many excellences which render it almost fit for any purpose whatever. Mr. Salomon's warehouses, a little lower down, we cannot commend. They are a strange mixture of riches and abject poverty. They abound in commonplace conceits, and the details do not appear to have been worked out in appropriate materials. The ornamental sinkings on the surface of the stone convey the idea of stencillings. All Mr. Salomon's other works are much of a muchness, and in Daniel Lee and Co.'s warehouse he seems to have gone to seed in the doorway. The arches here, too, are badly constructed, huge projections being supported on ridiculously slender points.

For our warehouse architecture we have some hope, but our ecclesiastical architecture is so radically defective, that nothing but a complete revolution can effect any good. Local talent evidently is not equal to the production of ecclesiastical work of a high order. When it is considered that, in our whole city, there is not a single church which will repay the trouble of a visit, and the majority are actually repulsive, the neccessity for strong language will be apparent. Architects throw the blame on the clergy and on committees who—so they plead—compel them to build cheap and therefore necessarily poor churches. On the other hand we hold that architects frequently delude their clients with pretentious, highly-coloured drawings, and so it comes to pass that all the money which should have been spent in adding to the solidity of the building, is frittered away in unmeaning, debased ornamentation. There is not a recently erected church in Manchester which could not have been built twice as effectively at the same cost.

Nor can the dissenting bodies boast of any first-class Art among their chapels. Barry's work, the Unitarian chapel in Upper Brook-street, is perhaps their finest building; but here, as in most other works where Barry is Barry, he conspicuously fails. Barry ran mad over great arches for entrances, and, after giving directions on this point, the rest of his designs bear evidence of having been supplied by other hands, which said hands had a good architectural library at command. The Cavendish Chapel possesses a fine exterior, but, once set foot within, and the nakedness of the land is painfully apparent. It is so spider-like as almost to make one tremble for its safety when weighted with worshippers.

The domestic architecture of the period ought, perhaps, to have received earlier notice. Here, again, we cannot point to any very notable work. Our suburbs contain plenty of villa residences, but very few of

them possess any particular grace. The house Mr. Waterhouse built for himself at Fallowfield is, perhaps, the best model for a small suburban residence that we possess. It is, indeed, very graceful, and it most certainly is not flimsy.

In considering the architecture of the future we must devote a little attention to the material to be used. Stone, brick, iron, wood, and concrete have each their advocates. Good architecture is practically independent of material. Some of the finest buildings in the world are composed of brick, and in such a climate as ours we are disposed to encourage the erection of brick buildings. More colour can be obtained in brick than in stone, and warmth of tone is what the majority of our buildings lack. As a mere question of expense we believe there is little difference between stone and brick, but stone cannot withstand our acid atmosphere. Wood may do for villas, but it can hardly again hold up its head in towns. Iron has its merits and its demerits. It is very hard in outline, yet it admits of a good deal of colour, though of course this entails constant expense. Again, protect it ever so well and it will still corrode, and once let fire get well hold inside an iron building and it will collapse much easier than will either brick or stone. The new Fish-market is quite enough to caution us against a continuation of iron and stone. Besides being one of the ugliest, the new Fish-market has also been one of the most expensive of our buildings. Mr. Lynde's young men were evidently first sent down to the Assize Courts for a trip, and then set to amuse themselves with sketching from Shaw's continental sketches, the result of all this being the abortion known as the new Fish-market. Buildings composed entirely of concrete have not yet been erected here, but some are about to be commenced. Where it has been tried we hear it has been successful. It will certainly afford scope to original architects to inaugurate a style suitable for the material in which they are working.

Finally, the architects of our city would do well to study, not books only, but the actual works of their great predecessors. What we want is that more feeling should be thrown into the work. We are tired of commonplace reproductions of each other. The love for excessive ornamentation has ruined most of our men.

THE MANCHESTER LIGHT HORSE.

IT is just about ten years since the Volunteer movement came in with a rush. Manchester, like every other town in England, awoke one morning and flew to arms, as if the French were already at Euston, and crowding into the Northern Express. Paterfamilias gave up his easy chair and quiet snooze, buttoned up his portly person in a tight grey tunic, shouldered a heavy rifle, and went forth to a tiring drill, evening after evening, as if his very bread depended on it. The sons, one and all, followed the example of their fathers, or rather showed them the way. The elegant St. Ann's Square dandies, the fashionable West-enders from Higher Broughton or Whalley Range, sober hard-working clerks, heads of firms, and tails of firms, even to the very last and smallest joint, all caught this new phase of scarlet-fever. The bat gave place to the rifle, the novel to the *Infantry Drill Manual*, theatre and concert-room to the barrack-yard or improvised drill-ground. Instead of heling their adversary's ball at pool, men were being taught how to hole a rifle bullet in an adversary's jacket. All was patriotism, enthusiasm, enrolling, marching, fuss, and excitement.

There was a good deal of levelling and communism about the movement. Jones, the great shipper, worth his hundreds of thousands, found himself squeezed on parade between young Brown, his salaried clerk, and Robinson, who gets his living goodness knows how. Jones's rear-rank man was perhaps Smith, whom he regularly cut on 'change; while as to his captain, "Good gracious! that detestable snob, Thompson!" as Jones remarked sweetly to Mrs. J., at the close of the day on which Thompson was put in command by a majority of votes. Yes, it was a levelling process; but still there was a limit. A line had, of course, to be drawn somewhere. We have our upper ten thousand even in Manchester. And, besides, volunteering cost money. There was no capitation grant from a grateful government ten years ago. True, there was a grand reception at Court for the officers, and a ball. Balls there were in plenty, all over the country; rifle dinners, too; and reviews with refreshments afterwards; and there were all sorts of entertainments in each regiment and company. But these only added to the bill. In the case of the officers this bill soon became a very long one. There were prizes to be given at rifle meetings, champion cups, subscriptions towards drill-sheds, shooting-ranges, the band, and who can say what, except those who have had to pay? It was the purchase system over again. Men did not pay a certain fixed price for a commission, but they paid so much a year afterwards, and this "so much" was too heavy by far for a poor man even to think of. As a consequence the rich private oftentimes sprang over the heads of the much more experienced non-commissioned officers, and, in fact, bought his ensigncy, or kept on paying for it. Of course, if money had to be spent in, and on, a corps, there must needs be men in that corps who had money to spend. These commissions were attractions to rich men, just as the band and prizes and entertainments which, or the greater part of which, they paid for, were attractions to their poorer comrades. But then, coming down a step lower in the social scale, there were hundreds of warehousemen and mechanics who were desirous of being enrolled, and yet deterred by the cost of uniform, and the ordinary expenses of an ordinary private. Hence arose a still more serious departure from the original volunteer system—the system of social equality, non-purchase, and regular promotion. Wealthy men, squires of many acres, employers of many hands, fired with patriotic zeal, and possibly, in some slight degree, with the idea of wearing a handsome uniform, and of prefixing "Captain" or "Major" to their names, began to raise volunteer companies at their own expense. They gathered "vassals and serfs," tenants or work-people together, paid for their uniform, their drill-instructors, and all the rest of it. In these corps, at any rate, the class distinctions of our regular army were strictly imitated: the officers were gentlemen, the men were—men; and, in a military sense, there was an impassable gulf between the two. Thus it followed that volunteer regiments, and sometimes the various companies in the same regiment, had their social distinctions and differences of expense. They had a private as well as a public character, peculiar shibboleths, reputations "crack" or the reverse, quite independent of their proficiency in the field, and the annual reports of the inspecting officer.

We have used the past tense, and spoken of the volunteer movement generally. How far Manchester was, and is, an illustration of our remarks, the reader must judge for himself. We are not fond of drawing "invidious distinctions." But there is one Manchester corps which occupies, and has always occupied, a position entirely by itself—we mean "The First Manchester Light Horse."

We well remember the first time we heard of this wonderful regiment—if regiment we must call it. It was at the very height of the volunteer mania. Regiments, one, two, three, and four—Irish and Scotch companies, artillery, engineers—all sorts of corps in all sorts of uniform, were being formed from Pendleton to Longsight. New titles and new services were being invented every week. And then there came a rumour of a corps crack beyond all crackedness, a mounted corps, a corps whose uniform should cast all other uniforms into the shadiest of all shades. Jack-boots were hinted at, white enamelled belts, general lustre beyond that of even the Life Guards themselves. We heard with 'bated breath. Sure enough, soon afterwards we actually saw some twenty or thirty gallant warriors, as gorgeous as the most enthusiastic nursery maid could desire, worthy of the sentry boxes on either side the entrance to the Horse Guards; helmet with nodding plumes, gold-laced tunic, belts, white breeches, boots—yes, veritable jack-boots—a perfect picture!

Nobody could be critical just then, or, if critical, could only applaud. It was, of course, fair that there should be expensive corps for money-spending men. And as for the jack-boots, if any one had proposed to get up a regiment of old ladies on elephants, or dromedaries, or stilts, there would have been found some enthusiasts ready to snatch at the idea. After a time, however, Manchester blood got cooler, helmets and jack-boots lost their novelty, the inquisitive public began to ask questions; as, for instance, why heavy men in such a heavy uniform were styled "Light Horse?"—Why more men did not join?—a question answered at once;—they could not afford it. Then, why retain a dress so expensive, not to say absurd, and, in short, what was the use of this handful of gorgeous warriors at all at all?

It was a fact—they did *not* increase in numbers. They had a band, greatly adding to their attractiveness, and to their expenses. The band seemed nearly as large as the rest of the regiment. The Light Horse appeared at review, band and all, and got duly cheered; but it always

seemed as if the Reviewing Officer did not know what to do with them. If there were no other cavalry present, they looked so pitiably lonely. If the regular cavalry from the Hulme Barracks were on the ground, the Light Horse seemed somehow ill-used, were ordered out of the way, could not keep up in a charge, and altogether made us feel on thorns for them. They had their own inspections, also, and crowds of sympathizing friends, carriage loads of gaily-dressed ladies—quite a fashionable assemblage—collected to admire. But really there was—there is—so little of them.

Never mind! Few but good. So thought we, till last week. But really, if our fine soldiers cannot stand a shower of rain; if helmet, gold-lace, breeches, and boots are not only to make the corps more select than numerous, but also to convert their wearers into mere toy soldiers for a fine day, then the sooner the Manchester Light Horse remodel their constitution, or cease to exist, the better for the volunteer cause generally. What are the facts? The corps, troop, what you will, was to have been inspected on Saturday last. The day was showery, though it somewhat brightened up in the afternoon. During the morning, the inspecting officer (that was to be) received a formal request from the officers of the Light Horse that the inspection might be postponed till the next Saturday, as it was really too wet for the men to turn out, and not more than twenty of them would probably muster on parade. The inspection was accordingly postponed. Query, why not add "Weather permitting" to all the Light Horse regimental orders?

We have no desire to cast ridicule on a good cause. It is only because the Light Horse tend to make the whole volunteer movement ridiculous in the eyes of military critics, and of those who cannot or will not distinguish between jack-boots and leathern gaiters, between the showy and the useful—in fact, it is because we wish to combat the impression that volunteering is only *playing at soldiers*—an impression which the Manchester Light Horse are certainly deepening. It is for this reason, and no other, that we publicly utter our protest.

FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

While the Earl of Clarendon and General Prim have been having audiences of the Emperor of the French, and Dr. Cumming has been writing to the "Pop" of Rome, we understand that several official and officious personages have had interviews and communications with the King of Sicily at the Prince's Palace in Oxford Street. Leontes handed them over to Paulina, who gave them what is familiarly termed a wigging. They are not likely to return.

Mr. Expender has had some excellent sport this season in Argyleshire. He has been particularly successful in angling, and has hooked some very large fish. One of them was considered to be "very like a whale." He has also enjoyed some Lion hunting, and brought down a few noble animals. Although a number of Royal stags were lately seen in the neighbourhood, he has not yet succeeded in capturing any. In salmon fishing he was not so successful, as he was a few seasons back in the Dart, in Devonshire. However, he caught a Tartar, and his private secretary "chronicled" small deer.

A party of gentlemen who have taken the "Reciprocity" preserves took up their shooting quarters last week at the Clarence Hotel, but although they blazed away at a great rate, they had very poor sport, and the only game they found was a mare's nest with nothing in it. Another party on the same moors turned out in Stevenson Square last Saturday afternoon, and were equally unsuccessful. They had plenty of beaters, but good guns were wanting. An awkward affair with poachers took place, but although blows were freely exchanged, no one suffered serious injury. Rain fell heavily, and the battue was a failure. Bags were quite empty, and the only game caught were bad colds.

Mr. Spoonbill junior has paid daily visits to his tailor and half-hourly ones to his looking-glass. He was out this week both in St. Ann's Square and at the Royal Institution, but he failed to do much execution. He himself, however, afforded considerable sport to those who noticed him. Having arrayed himself in an elaborate suit of many colours, consisting of violet coloured velvet coat, vermilion tie, bright blue waistcoat, drab hat, and saffron coloured pants, some one told him that he looked excessively bilious. Alarmed, Spoonbill hastened to his doctor, who told him his case was serious, and ordered him to Buxton for a week. Spoonbill at once hastened to Peter Street, and took tickets for every play in which the Haymarket manager appears next week at the Theatre Royal. Already he declares he feels better in anticipation.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

POST-OFFICE INATTENTION.

CAN any one tell us any just and valid reason why the officials at the post-office in Brown Street should always be men unacquainted with the way to shew the public common courtesy? The two charming persons who dispense stamps in the office on the right of the boxes are conspicuous instances of what we mean. The easy nonchalance with which they warm their hands or other portions of their graceful forms, or bandy brilliant jests and polished repartee, while half-a-dozen hurrying unfortunates are swarming round the counter waiting for them, proves that they possess the highest breeding, and can show the finest manners when they choose. This renders it the more surprising that when it pleases their lordships to attend to their business, they should instantly assume towards all their customers the manners of a polar bear. In the money-order office, the neglect the public meets with at certain seasons of the day is rather the result of insufficiency of hands than of contumely; but it is certainly not judicious to venture within the precints of that department, at a busy time, unprovided with a camp-stool and a parcel of sandwiches.

MR. EVERILL.

The pecuniarily and otherwise disastrous termination of Mr. Fechter's engagement in Manchester is sufficiently well-kown, as it was assuredly well-deserved. Habituated as playgoers are to all kinds of strange usages at the Theatre Royal, it is long since they have been treated with so much contemptuous disrespect as was shown in the piece chosen by Mr. Fechter for the last fortnight of his engagement here, and still more in the company selected to support him. It was resented accordingly in the only way possible. People stayed away, and few were consequently aware that during the latter part of Mr. Fechter's visit, Mr. F. Everill played a not very remarkable character in *Black and White*. Mr. Everill has accompanied Mr. Fechter to the south, and, after playing at Margate and Brighton for a short time, goes with the company to Scotland.

LOCAL ART AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Can any one explain to us the purpose or influence, or define the exact position of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts? Has it any power, any object, any value whatever; or is it a mere high-sounding nullity? A list of its members occupies a prominent position in the catalogue of the pictures at the Royal Institution, but we are told that it has nothing whatever to do with the annual exhibition; it has no voice in the management, and its members and associates derive no benefit from the yearly show that is not equally at the command of any other artist in any part of the country. True its president, Mr. Keeling, was this year associated with Mr. Mäckley, and the two together formed the hanging committee, but if the Academy is satisfied with this tardy concession we must say they are easily pleased. How far their apathy or inaction affects the interests of local art is, however, another and a much more important question. In our opinion it is exceedingly detrimental, not only pecuniarily, but to their own self-respect and their local professional position. That most of the members feel this we gather from the fact that, this year, not more than half of them contribute to the exhibition. No fewer than eighteen of their number, out of a total of thirty-seven, are conspicuous by their absence; whilst, on the other hand, such artists as Basil Bradley, F. Powell, Shields, Whittaker, Percy, T. Armstrong, Collinson, and C. E. Johnson—all of whom are regarded, rightly or wrongly, as Manchester men—do not apparently care to seek admission to the Academy, although one or two are exhibitors. We cannot affirm that the inglorious position of our local artists in relation to the Royal Institution has anything to do with the sale of their pictures, but it is certain that, of the thirty-one works disposed of since the opening of the exhibition, only four are by Manchester artists. These have produced about £54, the aggregate sales amounting to £411. Even taking into account the local works purchased previous to the opening, as, for example, the portraits and Mr. Potter's landscapes, the result is far from satisfactory, and the Academy, if not hopelessly supine, would do well to ascertain the reason why. Whilst on the subject of the exhibition, we may add that we have

received a letter from an artist in reference to our remarks of last week on the portraits. "The portrait painters of this generation," he says, "are verily the most unfortunate of mortals. Besides their struggles against modern innovations on their art [photography, we presume] which have taken the bread out of their mouths, it has become quite the fashion for critics to have a fierce lunge at them whenever an opportunity offers. As to the names not being attached to the 'ugly portraits,' the fault is entirely with those who arrange the catalogue. The names, I think, are invariably sent in with the pictures, this being one of the rules laid down for exhibitors. Neither the artists nor the sitters are to blame." We know nothing about the rules which govern the exhibitors, but, to an outsider, it seems strange that some portraits should be identified by name and others not. Is it possible that the hangers take this responsibility upon themselves?

THE HAYMARKET ACTORS.

Next week, the Haymarket Company recommence an engagement of twelve nights, during which the original comedy of *New Men and Old Acres, or the Managing Mamma*, and Lord Lytton's *Money* will each be performed once. The latter play has been so seldom performed here for some years that it will be quite a novelty. Mr. Compton, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale, Mr. Howe, Mr. Kendal, and Miss Robertson have all excellent characters in it. When first produced in Manchester, many years since, *Money* made quite a hit. Evelyn was performed by Mr. G. V. Brooke, with much success. Mr. Brooke was never particular about his wardrobe, and young playgoers will be surprised to learn that he dressed the part in a blue dress-coat with brass buttons, full stock, and drab trowsers. The actor, however, had a fine figure, and being then in the flush of youth and genius, he overcame all obstacles. The part of the lugubrious Mr. Graves, who mourns over his "Sainted Maria," was performed by the late Basil Baker, a most excellent actor, whom all old playgoers will remember. This character, the original representative of which was Mr. Benjamin Webster, is now in the hands of Mr. Compton, who does it full justice. We do not know whether Mr. Howe or Mr. Kendal will assume the part of Evelyn, most likely the former, as he has already played it in London. Mr. Howe is now not quite sufficiently juvenile for such parts, but he is so judicious and experienced an actor that we almost lose sight of that deficiency. When we say that Mr. Howe was the original representative of Francois in *Richelieu* and Gaspar in *The Lady of Lyons*, and has been playing every night since the production of those plays, ever so many years ago, our readers will agree with us that he wears well, and we congratulate him on his constitution.

"J. W. B."

It seems as if a man who writes a letter to the papers must necessarily make himself ridiculous. A person using the above initials wrote last week a letter to the *Guardian* about *A Winter's Tale*, the good sense of which was absolutely astounding. Unable to rest until he had reduced himself to the level of most newspaper correspondents, he appeared on Saturday with an abject composition, positively pitiable in its humility. And why? Forsooth, because Mr. Calvert had invited him to have a conference with him, and he had been talked over! The letter is such a fine specimen of humble pie that we regret we have no space for it. However, it is couched in the most abject terms, and evidently labours under a tremendous sense of the overwhelming honour of the private conference to which the writer had been asked. The silly wiseacre! No doubt, the management has done its very best; but what is that to the critic? His standpoint is before and not behind the curtain. He sees, and ought to judge of what he sees. No managerial difficulty can affect him. If something essential cannot be done properly, the whole thing should not be attempted; it ought not to be judged favourably when it has been done indifferently, simply on account of its difficulty. Nothing that Mr. Calvert could urge could by any possibility affect the previous criticism of "J. W. B." His hints might be upset, indeed; but there cannot have been occasion for his becoming the pitiable object he has made himself. Even consideration for Mr. Calvert, which appears to be his ruling motive now, should have induced a less abject exhibition; for a victory over such a very small fry as "J. W. B." has proved himself, is no victory at all.

OFF THE RIALTO.

BAD TRADE AND FREE TRADE.

WHETHER or not the ghosts of the departed hover around the scenes of their mortal turmoil, watching with a certain interest the doings of their former friends and enemies, has ever been a topic of earnest and wistful discussion. And if one could assume that the experience of the living might be a guide for judging of the sentiments of the dead, and if my own feelings may be taken as representative of our race, this vexed question must be answered in the affirmative. For although I am "Off the Rialto," though I have nothing to press it and its frequenters upon my thoughts, and though I have absorbing occupation to drive them from me, never do four and twenty hours pass by but in spirit I return to my former haunts, and in fancy I am "On the Rialto" once again. The dear old ugly semi-circular front rises up before me; again I see the well-known forms and faces loitering upon its cheerless boards. In spirit I hear the rough irrepressible Mumps and his Oldham colleagues, in one and the same breath swearing that the market is worse, and that they have sold themselves up at a penny a pound over the day's quotations. I see my good friends of Snigbruck enter the room, and disseminate once again their chaste English, their refined and genial humour. In imagination I walk around the building and behold the Nose-Flatteners, every man duly in his place as of old. In the centre of the room I see BLUMENROCK strapped tighter than ever, with a Victoria Regia in his coat; and close beside him MC SQUARETOES, with his thumbs in his waistcoat arm-holes, indignantly denouncing men who can't or won't pay twenty shillings in the pound. And, as of old, the comets of the room flash in and out eccentrically: CONTANGO flies in to recommend a bear, BACKWARDATION darts across to advise a bull, and the active SHANKLIN, his spectacles moist with exertion, rushes in and out, continually "wiring" to the West. So vividly do I perceive it, that it never rains of a Tuesday here in Limeshire but I fancy I can perceive a distinct smell of steamy spinners and moist manufacturers.

Such tricks will imagination play us; for when I take up the newspapers, or hear from other sources the long, never-ending, never-mending, slow and unrelieved tragedy of commercial disaster; when I reflect that during the brief period I have been "Off the Rialto" the very ranks have been thinned by deaths from anxiety, I dare not hope that my fancied picture is a true one, and I begin to build up an imaginary Exchange of faded, careworn, and sadly altered beings. The well-known faces have more lines in them; the redness of the Oldham cheek has paled: the hair has changed as magically into grey, grizzled and white, as that of our young ladies lately did into drab and golden: instead of a Victoria Regia, I behold a sprig of weeping willow in BLUMENROCK'S button hole; and instead of the genial face of Mr. Councillor SEMITERRY leading up the Snigbruck contingent, beaming with hearty humour and delicate fun, I see him silent and subdued beside a pillar, and when PORKHAMPTON goes up to him and says:

"Are we to have another Off this year?"

The Councillor shakes his head ruefully and replies:

"A Hoff! This here state o' trade wain't afford no Hoffs. It won't for sure."

I left a Rialto averaging fourteen stone a man: does it average ten to-day?

Once launched upon such a train of thought the whole Rialto grows misty and impalpable, and I feel sure of nothing save this: that it has suffered and is suffering, and has still to suffer sorely, so bitterly, so hopelessly as to challenge the sympathy of every English-speaking human being, and to demand wise counsel from every reflective,

honest mind. If ever there was a time and a question which called for calm, earnest thought, unbiassed by all prejudice, by all politics or empty love of notoriety, and for the modest utterance of the result of such thought: and if ever there was a time and a question which it behoved vacant charlatans and noisy quacks to be silent upon, this is, in Lancashire, that time and that question. The charlatans and quacks are giving voice, I perceive, at the Clarence Hotel, and no doubt more wildly still upon the Rialto: and surely I who am away from it all, and bring to bear upon the State of Trade a dispassionate judgment and a fervent sorrow for suffering Lancashire, may be permitted to say a few words. Nay, to a certain extent I have been challenged to this; for not long ago a presentation copy with the inscription "To the Author of On the Rialto, with the Author's compliments," reached me, of the very pamphlet, as I take it, which Mr. Bright has recently fallen foul of, and passages in which he says "might have been written in Bedlam." Whether that brochure was written in Bedlam or not, there can be no question that the great Tribune wrote his letter in a passion. Poor Mr. Burn, no doubt with the very best intentions, very mildly insinuated his little heresies, and instead of exhorting his erring brother in a spirit of meekness, the Rochdale Slasher administers "a facer." But this queer political economical ghost is not to be laid in that way. There is some wool at the bottom of all this cry; and no body of unfeathered bipeds ever do propound a grievance without there being some basis for it to stand upon, still less does a general feeling spread throughout portions of all classes of a nation without a word to be said in favour of its justice. I believe the Pamphleteer and his Clarence Hotel disciples do assert several feelings, impressions, and conclusions which are held by the vast majority of thinking people in England who are not hopeless Bright fanatics.

They look with regret, with irritation, and with indignation, at the ungenerous, and in some cases the dishonourable and unscrupulous selfishness with which foreign nations, and some of our own colonies, take their fullest advantage of our open ports, and almost prohibit our merchandise in return. And as America is at the very head of these offenders, the greatest irritation is felt against the great Republic of the West.

They think that if by any means France and other people could be induced to do a little more as they are done by, it would afford a considerable relief to our various depressed and suffering interests.

They think that in the matter of the French Treaty we were, either by accident or design, outwitted: and they believe that were it to make again, with the experience we have gained, it would be drawn up more in our favour or not at all.

They further think that a great deal of our legislation in the direction of abolishing import duties has been ill-judged, hasty, and premature. They cannot see why we should not have abolished first of all the duties on articles we cannot produce and must buy, and which in almost all cases come from our best customers; and since some duties must remain on for years to come, why those should not have been retained on commodities we can and do make, and which usually come from countries more or less closing their ports to us.

In all these opinions there is a foundation of truth and justice and sound political economy which Mr. Bright, Mr. Ashworth, and Dr. Watts all put together cannot controvert. So long as we have large duties on tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, etc., we have not full and thorough Free Trade: and so long as we have not full and thorough Free Trade, sound fiscal economy would be no more broken by having the duties removed from those articles, and their equivalent put upon silks, satins, watches, etc., etc., than it is at present where these are free and those are taxed. It is no answer to reply: Free Trade is not a matter of treaty, bargain, or reciprocity: we take the duties off simply in obedience to the great law which says, buy in the cheapest market. If that were so, why a French treaty at all? If it were a good thing for us, and a wise thing in itself, to arrange with France to make a mutual reduction of duties that would *greatly* increase their imports to us and *slightly* increase ours to them, it could not have been other than a better and a wiser thing so to have arranged it that the imports on both sides had been able to have increased *pari passu*. The fact is, the doctrine of Free Trade, as enunciated by thinkers, presupposes a state of affairs that does not exist in the world at large, nor in any nation in it. It takes no account of the necessity all countries find themselves under of raising large sums by indirect taxation. If every nation could provide the requisite amount of income by a perfectly just and fair income-tax, and there was not a custom house in the universe, then we should have Free Trade; and, before a quarter of a century were over, the inexorable logic of facts would have brought every people to produce what it was most adapted for producing, and to an enormous interchange of the results of labour, which would be a blessing to the world second only to the introduction of the Christian religion. So long as any nation is compelled to have a single import duty or excise, Free Trade is to that extent incomplete, and what is true of the world at large is true of our own country in particular. Until we can reduce our expenditure so as to admit of an entire abolition of excise and import duties we can have no complete Free Trade. While a single duty of that kind remains we have only an incomplete and garbled Free Trade, and if our necessities compel us to retain an incomplete Free Trade, its incompleteness might just as well have been arranged with an eye to the interests of ourselves, instead of rashly and Quixotishly, as it has been done.

The fact is, Mr. Cobden was too sanguine as to the goodness and the sense of human nature. Well knowing that a sudden introduction of approximate Free Trade causes suffering, but is repaid beyond all proportion in the long run, he believed that if we set the example, other nations would have the sense to see that the ultimate good far outweighed the temporary loss, and would have the magnanimity to bear the one for the sake of the other. He forgot that the people have long ears, and wear goggles, and are selfish to the core; and, as Carlyle says, are "mostly fools." They have one and all declined to follow us. America, that Goshen of a certain school of politicians, has deliberately gone the other way; and the result is a bitter disappointment to such men as Mr. Cobden's great colleague—so bitter that they cannot keep their temper when it is pointed out to them.

When, therefore, the new Heresiarchs point out these things as, amongst others, contributory to our present depressed trade, they are in their right, and are entitled to a respectful answer, if one can be given. But when they go farther and point out these things as causes of our bad trade *which are removable*, they certainly border very closely on the territory of midsummer madness. All steps in the direction of Free Trade are irrevocable. Agitate as they will, pamphleteer as much as they like, they cannot show the slightest good that would result if such a step were taken. How any man can look at the Cotton trade and, knowing the scarcity and price of Cot—we beg Mr. Bazley's pardon—the Raw Material, can for a moment look for any remedy but one, is simply incomprehensible.

I cannot follow such a mind any more than I can enter into the moral consciousness of a dodo. In face of the great all-embracing, all-explaining calamity under which the cotton trade labours, to seek for tributary causes and ancillary cures in French duties is as absurd as the "pickled herrings" of Sir Toby Belch. When a man has had a gallon of sack, we don't require pickled herrings to account for a slight unsteadiness of gait. And with cotton at a shilling a pound, to prattle about Reciprocity is neither more nor less than political "pickled herrings."

There was a time when we might have made the abrogations of our duties a lever to work great benefits to the people of this country. We chose not to do so. Instead of bargaining first, we elected to leave it to the magnanimity of our neighbours, and they have not responded to our claims.

"Ye left the fare to me, my man," said Sawney to the cabman, "and here's just saxpence."

The cabman could not *undrive* him: neither can we reimpose duties. We must take our "saxpence" and be thankful.

When the Reciprocity gentlemen have pointed out *one* duty they would reimpose, and have followed out the probable cash result to the people of England, it will be time enough to seriously discuss the "mad" portion of their programme.

DESERTED CITY CHURCHES.

I. ST. CLEMENT'S.

"ORANGES and lemons! say the bells of St. Clement's!" At least so runs the nursery rhyme, but that must be numbered among the illusions of our childhood, or, if true, must be so of some other church, for, on approaching St. Clement's, Lever Street, one Sunday morning not long ago, shortly previous to the conventional hour, we heard a single bell, evidently undesirous of repeating anything but a modest "bome, bome," in answer to the shrill "bim" of its neighbour St. Paul, of Turner Street. By a stretch of fancy they might be compared to two "roosters," with only a note a-piece, crowing against each other.

St. Clement's is a stone building, which seems as if the architect had begun it for a dissenting chapel of the pre-Cavendish Street style of architecture, and had afterwards changed his mind and made it into as much like a church as he knew how. To assist in completing the delusion, he began to build a spire to it, and succeeded tolerably until he had to finish it off, and there invention failed him. So he ended it with a nondescript stone ornament, utterly unornamental, as if he were glad to get rid of the difficulty anyhow, like two people who have met in the street, and do not know how to separate until one of them makes some commonplace remark with a laugh, and the other, without caring to understand it, laughs too, still louder, under cover of which they mutually retreat. On entering, we found ourselves in a place much lighter, loftier, and cleaner than the outside had given us warrant for expecting, consisting of a nave and side aisles in theory, but in fact, of a nearly square hall with central and side passages—by a fiction all called aisles—and galleries along the sides and each end. The floor of the church is occupied by pews of mahogany or some dark wood, kept scrupulously polished and bright, and the passages or aisles are neatly covered with clean-looking matting.

We were met by a civil, dark-complexioned little man, with a moustache, whom we had some dim remembrance of having seen before, somewhere. The moustache set us a wondering if we had been in "company" together when, at the command of Captain Hearthstone, assisted by his A.D.C.'s, Bridgefoot and Wisehead, we had shouldered "amps" on many a well-drilled field. This individual, as "verger clad," or habited in the apparel of an apparitor, as our excellent friend Penialine would say, showed us, at our whispered request for a seat, into a pew opening from the middle aisle. After satisfying ourselves that our hat-maker's name was unchanged, we looked about us in a careless and incurious way. We had observed, on walking up the aisle, that the place had all the characteristics of a church except a congregation. There was our marshal, with his martial cloak around him; and there was the organist ready at his keyboard, with his back, as usual, to the—well, to the place for the congregation. These were the only persons visible at three minutes before the time fixed for the service to begin. The only two men, at all events. There were one or two little boys in pews by themselves, whose heads, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, bobbed up now and again above the high sides of the pews, to observe the whereabouts of our martial friend, before venturing on the perpetration of one of those utterly odd tricks and schemes which it only enters into the brain of a boy to contrive or be amused with. Some half-dozen people having dropped in, and a square pew near the pulpit having become occupied by a couple of well-dressed ladies and some children, the organ sounded, and the clergyman, habited in the usual manner, *plus* a prominent pair of "bands," was ushered into the lower storey of a large mahogany structure at the end of the middle aisle, and there read the service in what he, no doubt, considered an impressive style, but which we should call, to coin a word, the insist-ive style. Every sentence—nay, every word in every sentence, whatever its relative unimportance—was said with the same amount of emphasis and pertinacious insistence as the more important ones, till the impression was created that the people were inattentive, which was by no means the case—as far as we could observe. And we did observe, as well as take our small share in the service. The Communion Service, or what a polemical contemporary would call "table prayers," were read at the end of a large table, in about the smallest chancel or sanctuary we ever saw, behind the pulpit, and underneath the gallery which held the organ and singing loft. It seemed more like an accidental bulging out of the end wall than a space designed for the purpose for which it was used. The Canticles were chanted, but the Psalms were read "verse by verse" by the priest, we beg pardon, minister, and the choir who took the even or "left file" verses in a semi-chant or monotone, assisted by some of the younger female portion of the congregation, but the old stagers or heads of families repudiated any such weakness. Three long hymns, with tunes mystic and wonderful, were pushed through by the aid of the organist, during the last of which the preacher, having fast arrayed himself in a large sleeved black gown, on which the "bands" shone conspicuous, ascended the upper story of the aforesaid mahogany structure for what was evidently the event of the day—the sermon.

The Rev. W. Robinson, the preacher, and incumbent or rector of St. Clement's, is a young looking man, with the light sandy complexion and accent of the hilly north. He has been, we understand, about three years the "parson" of this church, which was previously merely a licensed place of worship, and could have been converted from pious to profane uses or worse, like the quondam chapel of Peter Street. About the time of Mr. Robinson's advent, the church was put upon the foundation, as it were, and formally made a part of the Church of England by consecration, and the performance of the incidents necessary to that ceremony. The chief or most famous predecessor in this church was the Rev. Mr. Nunn, who for many years was not only incumbent, but bishop and curate and everything else of it. Here was the accredited home of high Calvinistic doctrine in Manchester. At that time there were more residents in the town part, and fewer suburban churches, and the outsiders even from as far as "Chorlton Row" came to the town churches. Mr. Nunn, by the peculiarity of his teaching and his great personal influence, gathered and kept a large congregation together, but since his work was done, the attendance has, from various reasons, gradually diminished, and on the day we visited the church we counted with difficulty some score or so of people on the ground floor of the church, and the galleries were scarcely better occupied, even counting the one man and two little boys who constituted the full strength of the choir. Much music, probably is not desired, as in churches of this kind it is looked upon as "carnal." It never can, however, as here performed, by any possibility be reckoned as "good works." Two or three of the old flock we noticed, and a few persons who still reside at their places of busi-

ness in the neighbourhood were present; but we looked for even half a dozen young men of an age to discriminate and judge for themselves, but did not see them.

The sermon was on a text carefully chosen so as not to interfere with any of the Lessons, or the Gospel, or the Epistle, for the day. From it the preacher demolished, to his own satisfaction, in less than two minutes, one of the leading points on the Roman side in the great controversy between Rome and the rest of Christendom, and told us the thing would not admit of argument for a moment. We thought, what a pity it was that the Pope or Archbishop Manning was not present, as there is now evidently no use in going on with the preparations for the Council of December next. The rest of the sermon, all of which was hammered out and insisted upon in the manner previously noticed, was a long dreary plain of Low-church platitudinarianism, with occasional dry bones of St. Bees' theology, and weeds of Nestorian and semi-Arian flavour scattered about. A seemingly long half-hour passed before we were at liberty to leave the very uncomfortable straight-backed pew, with the name plate of the then owner on the door.

It won't do, Mr. Robinson. The receding tide of population, and the continued inroad of warehouses, have left St. Clement's stranded on the shore, exposed to the slow disintegration of time, and you have neither the high spiced reprobation theories of your great predecessor, nor the displays and attractions of Ritualism with which to entice people from their distant homes. The mantle of enthusiasm which clothed the old Evangelicals has long been trailed in the dust by the unlearned Irishmen who have stepped into their shoes. It is too broad, we fear, for the shoulders of St. Bees.

"A MANAGING MAMMA."

THE new comedy, written for the Haymarket Company by Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg, and originally produced a fortnight ago on the stage of the Theatre Royal, but played for one night only, is again to be performed in Manchester on Monday next. There is no better subject for satire than that which gives the second title to the piece, which bears *New Men and Old Acres* for its first. Singular enough, the indecision manifest in the choice of a double title pervades the play, and the contending purposes of the authors in regard to the plot give it an inequality throughout. Whenever, in the piece, the managing mamma comes uppermost, it is good—whenever the new men come on to the old acres to her exclusion, it is not so good.

The main object of the play is to contrast new and old men—not, as the *Daily News* said, to the disadvantage of the former—but in a judicially impartial manner. Nor is the result discreditable to the new men, on the whole. A mortgage upon some fine old acres (for one of those enormous sums which dramatists cannot be persuaded to improve their plays by lessening) falls into the hands of a magnanimous new man, whom business exigences compel to assign it over to a canting new man. With the vicissitudes of the magnanimous new man vary the tactics of the managing mamma—the wife of the mortgagor of the old acres—who alternately desires and does not desire her daughter to favour the advances of this magnanimous mortgagee, with whom the daughter falls in love. Herein consists her management. The story is, comparatively with most contemporary dramas, free from improbabilities. Three, however, are patent, of which one is gross. First, the idea that such a mamma would on any account be reconciled enough to the mortgagee's marriage with her daughter ever to propose it; secondly, the pocketing, for no reason at all but the purposes of the story, of some very heavy stones by the said mortgagee; and most of all, the managing mamma's allowing her daughter to act for herself, without a word of advice, at a most momentous juncture. With these exceptions, the tale runs naturally enough, considering that it is constructed to end in the conventional happy manner—an inartistic consummation which necessitates more or less violation of truth and probability.

The plot—as will be seen—although ingenious, lacks the genuineness of older drama—turning altogether upon legal incidents. Thus, it has not in its essence that human interest which nearly always is to be found in the plots of good plays: this has to be superadded—as it generally has in modern pieces. Dramatists nowadays almost invariably get their plots from the law. The majority of plays that are now written hinge on legal crime. Mr. Boucicault makes a most lucrative living by forgery. And any one who has ever had the misfortune to peruse a law-book must have observed that the text positively swarms with plots. But there is great disadvantage attached to them. In the first place, they are dry bones, which must be made to live by extraneous vitality. Instead of being an element of interest in a play, they are an element of weariness. And in the second place, the audience does not understand them, and cannot follow their tortuous intricacies. It is a poor way of getting out of a narrative difficulty to call in the strong arm of the law. Thus, in this play, an objectionable new man seems about to obtain possession of the old acres—all escape seems cut off—we wonder how on earth the authors are going to get out of the difficulty—when plop, they come down upon us with a confounded equity of redemption! We feel bamboozled out of legitimate extrication; we think we have been trifled with; we are indignant.

The managing mamma is a part especially suited to Mrs. Chippendale, for whom we suppose it has been written. We think, in their anxiety either to do justice to the original, or to fit the actress, the authors have not sufficiently brought out the offensive traits of the character—in effect, its ladylike iniquity—and have laid undue stress on the geniality and motherliness of its nature. Indeed, towards the end of the piece, mamma seems to abdicate her managerial functions altogether, and do nothing but make herself agreeable and reward merit with her daughter's hand. But such as the part was written, Mrs. Chippendale interpreted it to the life—motherly self-satisfaction, fussiness, anxiety, and gratification alternately finding apt expression in her demeanour and her voice. The manner in which, while showing the canting new man's wife about the grounds, she guides them off the spooning pair by crying, as the act-drop falls, "To the left, Mrs. Bunter, to the left!"—is a triumph both of the authors and the actress. The play being intended for a run in London, Mr. Chippendale is, of course, cast in a character which gives no scope whatever for his genius. The part of the unobtrusive husband of the managing mamma is assigned to him, and he plays its gentlemanly subordination in artistic style. The magnanimous new man is soundly played by Mr. Howe, who acts the impassioned portions of the part with force and feeling, but in the quiet portions, and in his appearance there is an awkwardness and an uncouthness which had better be adandoned, even if it be in his conception of the character. Cotton men do know how to conduct both themselves and their hats. Mr. Howe is, unfortunately, much too portly for the part. Miss Madge Robertson plays a handsome, high-spirited, and slangy girl—the daughter who is managed and put up to auction—with her accustomed vivacity and naturalness. The sustained series of heaving sobs on which the second act-drop falls, is a study from nature faithfully executed. Mr. Buckstone acts, in his stolid but not ineffective style, the canting new man—in all but his cant an original character—a creature of this age—a millionaire who touches nothing but it turns to gold—except, of course, towards the end of the play, when character is abandoned to make way for conventionality in the form of poetical justice. The audience, on the first night, did not seem to be aware that in the speech made by Mr. Bunter about coming to London with threepence in his pocket and without a friend, Mr. Buckstone was giving them an episode in his own history. Mr. Rogers, Miss C. Hill, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam, play minor parts efficiently. At the end of the piece, all the principal performers in ridiculous procession crossed the stage.

We have great pleasure in awarding Messrs. Taylor and Dubourg the credit of having written dialogue for this piece of a high degree of excellence. It still wants the compression and compactness of perfection, and the tendency to pun is not quite absent, but it is a great advance upon the average. Moreover, it possesses the great merit of inculcating a sound moral. It does not do this, or attempt to do this, with any great vigour. It is indeed perhaps accidental that it does it at all. The character portrayed by Mrs. Chippendale has probably been chosen rather for its effectiveness and humour than for any moral it may point. Still, be it accidental or designed, *A Managing Mamma* exercises the true functions of the stage in satirizing manners. It is done in a very playful way. Still it *is* done. Perhaps the authors feared lest they should exaggerate. They need not have done. It is impossible to exaggerate the iniquitous manner in which very nearly all mammas—not fashionable ones only—strive to get the highest price obtainable for their daughters. The Dowager Lady Kew, in the *Newcomes*, is a sample of the genus, drawn by a master-hand. We also wish that Messrs. Taylor and Dubourg had shown more clearly and effectively the entire self-abandonment with which daughters yield themselves up to the guidance and government of their mothers. Their vacuity of character is just as legitimate an object of satire as their mothers' management, and both classes are in equally urgent need of being scorned by keen strong pens. This comedy is a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that it will be followed up some day by a dramatist who will deal with the subject in an earnest thorough manner. Mothers vie with each other in the unabashed way in which they endeavour to secure for their daughters what, in their miserable slang, they term "good matches." Daughters give themselves up, with a contemptible obedience, to be sold like slaves. The French idea that Englishmen buy their wives in Smithfield, is quite correct in all but the locality. There is far too much filial piety amongst girls, and managing mammas are one of the curses of the age.

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MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE following works exhibited at the Royal Institution have been sold:—

PAINTINGS.	£	s.	d.
Jacques—H. C. Whaite, M.A.A.	42	0	0
The Wood-Gatherers—J. C. Thom, London.	31	10	0
Godrevey Island—H. K. Taylor, London.	30	0	0
Shade—Mrs. Anderson, London.	25	0	0
A Harvest Field—A. Glendinning, London	20	0	0
Dead Game—J. Hardy, jun., Bristol.	18	18	0
Firs, North Wales—E. G. Müller, Bristol.	15	15	0
Prayer—J. C. Thom, London.	15	15	0
The End of a Tale—P. Hoyoll, London.	12	12	0
Pet Rabbits—F. Layton, London	10	10	0
Little Kate—Miss C. Grierson, London.	5	5	0
Peat Gatherers—E. Taylor, Birmingham.	5	0	0
Near Bettws-y-Coed—John Holding.	5	0	0
Morning—A. de Breanski.	4	4	0
Early Morning—Do.	4	4	0
Crossing the Stepping Stones—E. L. Smith, Bir.	4	0	0
Gathering Primroses—A. Green, Birmingham.	4	0	0
The First Caught—M. Desswine, London.	4	0	0
Hawthorn Blossoms—T. Collins, Birmingham.	3	3	0
On the Shannon—F. Jackson, Birmingham.	3	0	0
A Cumberland Lake—F. Jackson, Birmingham.	3	0	0
Off Newhaven—F. A. Winkfield, Ardwick.	2	0	0
Total.	£268	16	0

WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS.	£	s.	d.
The Campagna—Winter—J. C. Moore, Lond.	35	0	0
The Black Pool on the Lledr—J. J. Curnock, Bristol.	30	0	0
Young Poet's Dream—W. Crane, London.	20	0	0
Superannuated Fishing Boats—G. G. Kilburne, London.	15	0	0
Evening Prayer—J. A. Benwell, London.	12	12	0
New Henley-on-Thames—Miss S. Warren, Lon.	10	0	0
Market Place, Dunster—Miss L. Rayner, Lon.	8	8	0
Watching—J. W. Chapman, London.	6	0	0
Barden Tower—W. H. W. Heys, Hulme.	5	5	0
	£142	5	0

The aggregate sales amount to £411. 1s. 0d., of which the Manchester artists only receive £54. 12s. 0d.

PLAYGOERS AND THE HIGHER DRAMA.

[FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.]

WHEREVER the legitimate drama prevails, the theatre takes a high intellectual tone; for the legitimate drama requires acting, and acting is a matter of ability and not of legs. Moreover, where there is ability there is usually taste, refinement, self-respect, and moral principle. To get away from ignorance and weakness is also to get away from depravity. People of talent, at any rate, know how to assume a virtue if they have it not, and the theatres in which able and cultivated players are assembled will, we may safely presume, be beneficial in their influence, and therefore worthy of public esteem and support.

With decent and intellectual effort on the stage, let us hope that there will also come a ready and ample response of the best public intelligence and sympathy. If we would have a pure stage, we must encourage those who try to uphold it in purity. If we would enjoy acting, we must cheer those who cultivate that high and difficult art, by thoughtful consideration of their efforts and judicious praise of their merits. If ever the drama needed fostering care, it needs it now. If ever there was a time when slight defects and trivial blemishes ought to be overlooked in favour of worthy purposes earnestly pursued, it is this present moment. Questions as to the propriety of Brown's whiskers or Robinson's boots, Miss Smith's waterfall, or Mrs. Jones's Grecian bend, may be important in their place. But their place is altogether subsidiary to that of the great question, whether the stage is administered in such a way as to exert—concurrently with all other agencies of education—a cheering, refining, and elevating influence upon the age. If it be so administered, it deserves the sympathy, and the active practical support of all who have at heart the welfare of their families, the honour of their country, and the good of mankind. Nothing is trivial which affects the minds of the young. Nothing is idle which sways the popular heart. And the stage is both dazzling to youth and dear to the people. Those who have it in charge rest under the burden of a very grave responsibility. They not only keep a shop, but they keep a school; and the schoolmaster, in this age, is greater than the emperor. But their responsibility is not theirs alone. It rests, in some sense, also, upon the intellectual and refined classes in every community, whose high duty and whose wise policy it is to sustain in dignity and honour every institution and every influence which can advance human civilization.

WESLEYANS AND THE LITURGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—In the letter you did me the honour to insert in your columns on the 11th inst., I might have added, that, so far from being an innovation among the Wesleyans, the use of the Liturgy was most strongly advocated by Mr. Wesley himself, who was alive to the value of its unequalled power and beauty in his congregations, if its adoption could be secured and maintained against the ignorant prejudices of those who had been unaccustomed to it.

Prefixed to the authorized Wesleyan arrangement of the Liturgy, which is used by the Radnor Street, Congregation, *and which includes the Litany*, Mr. Wesley's opinion is given in his own words:—"I believe there is no Liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid, scriptural, rational piety, than the Common Prayer of the Church of England; and though the main of it was compiled considerably more than two hundred years ago, yet is the language of it not only pure, but strong and elegant in the highest degree."

Whenever we manifest the slightest tendency to such "worldly" recreation as dancing, cards, or the theatre, Mr. Wesley's authority is cited as supreme against those dreadful pastimes, but when we ask to have the Liturgy retained in our services, "our sainted founder's" authority is consigned to judicious retirement, and that too by those who profess the greatest attachment to the old paths. The chief alteration at the Whalley Range Chapel is understood to be the abandonment of forms of prayer, and the substitution of extemporaneous prayer, a change which will reduce very much the opportunity of the congregation for active participation in the service. There are some Wesleyans, too, who consider the purpose for which they assemble at chapel is worship, rather than to "enjoy a good sermon."

Perhaps your correspondent, "Another Wesleyan," can offer some justification for the wanton disturbance of existing arrangements of which many who will attend the new chapel complain. He certainly need not have gone farther than Radnor Street Chapel for an example of success: the Liturgy has been used there, I believe, for upwards of twenty years, with satisfaction to the congregation. I have frequently heard the Litany read there, it was so last Sunday, and if there is any exception to the usual hearty appreciation, it is on those occasions, happily few, when an ambitious member of the congregation obtrudes his services, and inflicts his vulgar pronunciation, and scattered aspirates upon those who are unfortunate enough to be present. Perhaps "Another Wesleyan" will admit that Mr. Wesley's description of the Liturgy is a pretty strong indication of the estimation in which it is generally held by people of "intelligence and education." I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

A WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Moss Side, Manchester,
21st. Sept. 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Numerous persons are surprised at the decision of the Executive of the Wesleyan Chapel, Whalley Range, besides one subscribing himself, "a Wesleyan Methodist." The Wesleyan church originated from the Church of England, and indeed, is now considered almost a branch of it, and the Wesleyans annually draw more from it than from all the other forms of worship combined, especially in the manufacturing districts. Doubtless many that now attend the Wesleyan places of worship would not do so were the forms of the Church of England discontinued. It does then seem strange that, with these facts before them, they, the Executive, should so ruthlessly destroy the link that so closely binds them. It might be said that the Executive were unanimous in their decision. But were the Executive men who intend worshipping there? Are not the majority of them men who hold offices in other chapels, and one, the most prominent, a resident many miles from it, Therefore, those who run may read, and see that it is not the inhabitants of the Whalley Range district, or those who intend worshipping at this chapel, that have arrived at the decision, but those who are not so directly interested, well meaning, no doubt, but belonging to other circuits and districts. If the inhabitants of Whalley Range had had the management of this particular affair, the result would have been different.—Yours, very truly,

FAIRPLAY.

September 17th., 1869.

Mr. J. L. Toole has paid Mr. Byron £650 for a three-act domestic drama, written expressly for him by the latter gentleman.

All DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' Umbrellas are made on Fox's Celebrated Frames: being large producers DUNKERLEY and FRANKS are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices. 7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, Manchester.

SPECULATION AND THE COTTON TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—The ideas of the correspondent in your paper of the 11th instant on the above subject are so extraordinary, and his conclusions so unreal, that one cannot but suppose the writer must be entirely unconnected with business. If he had simply stated that the trade was suffering from "a short supply of food," he would have touched the principle, and almost the sole cause of the present depression, but to attribute the stagnation in trade to speculation is about as reasonable as to attribute it to the passing of the Irish Church Bill, What, may I ask your correspondent, is speculation, and what is legitimate trade? Where does the one end and the other begin? He appears to have a particular grudge against what he calls middle-men, "grasping parasites who infest the shipping ports, the Liverpool cotton market, and the Manchester goods market;" but even your correspondent will scarcely venture to assert that any operations of the speculators could create a scarcity of raw cotton, or permanently maintain high prices without some cause, other than their buying and selling. How does your correspondent prove his assertion, that "he who seizes a gain without rendering any useful service in return, does an immoral act. His gain is another's loss!" The whole business of a trader, from the boy who sells cigar lights to the highest merchant, is speculation; simply buying and selling according to his own idea of the probable rise or fall in the market of the price of the commodity in which he deals, and there can be no doubt that speculation is "legitimate and honourable so long as the speculator has any money (of his own) to pay for his purchases." It would be difficult for your correspondent to point out the immorality of A, B, or C buying cotton when his own wisdom tells him that at a future time it will be scarce in the market, and consequently realise him a profit on re-sale. Will the simple fact of such a person so speculating permanently raise the price in the face of a plentiful supply, or depreciate it if the crop turns out less than expected? Is it not often the case that such a person's calculations are founded on wrong data, and that a loss results instead of a gain? or that these parasites are quite as ready to speculate for a fall as for a rise? and if so, how can it be asserted with truth that speculators are to blame for the present high prices? Surely, if the bulls deserve to be so stigmatized, the bears merit an equal proportion of praise. Let there be an American crop of four millions of bales, and your correspondent need not fear a dearth of cheap cotton, and consequent good trade, in spite of all the speculating "parasites" in existence. While a person limits his speculations to his means of payment, instead of speculation proving the death of the cotton trade, as your correspondent predicts, it will be the cause of its growth and activity.—

Yours, &c., RETEXE BEARCLLIW.

Manchester 15th, Sept. 1869.

"This is capital ale," said an old toper; see how long it keeps its head!"—"Aye!" said a bystander; "but consider how soon it takes away yours!"

The easiest way to get a living, says a vagabond poet, is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before.

Of Edmund Kean's performance of Luke, in Massinger's *City Madam*, it is recorded that an old lady, who had intended leaving him a large sum of money, was so appalled by the cold-blooded villany he displayed, that she transferred the legacy to a distant relation.

WOMEN AND DRESS.—I would not give much for a woman who is not fond of dress. Nor would I care much to know a man indisposed to encourage this feminine fondness. The true knightly instinct is to feel towards the chosen one an unfailing desire—

> To compass her with sweet observances,
> To dress her beautifully, and keep her true.

I can hardly conceive any greater delight for an honest loving gentleman than to do these good works and to mark their results. And it is to be said that in many, if not in most instances, the desire to dress well is only a desire to please. As between husband and wife, carelessness in dress is one of the first indications of declining affection. And even if, as sometimes happens, the love of dress is, for the most part, a desire to outshine other women, it is a natural, indeed a harmless emulation. If women have no nobler ambitions, it is mainly the fault of the men. If they cannot speak each other down in debate, they may dress each other down in society. It may be said that victory depends in such a case upon the husband's purse or the dressmaker's art, not upon the genius of the competitor. But this is true only in a limited sense. No amount of money to buy clothes, and no skill in the artiste who makes them, can compensate for a want of taste in the wearer. Taste in dress commonly indicates a general sense of the becoming in all domestic concerns. *Cornhill Magazine.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—A sketch of Mr. Kirkus has already appeared in the *Sphinx*. See No. 28, Jan. 30, 1869.

RECEIVED.—Helen (Prestwich; D. Dibbles; A Parishioner; Twenty Bob a Week; Benjamin Jones.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester

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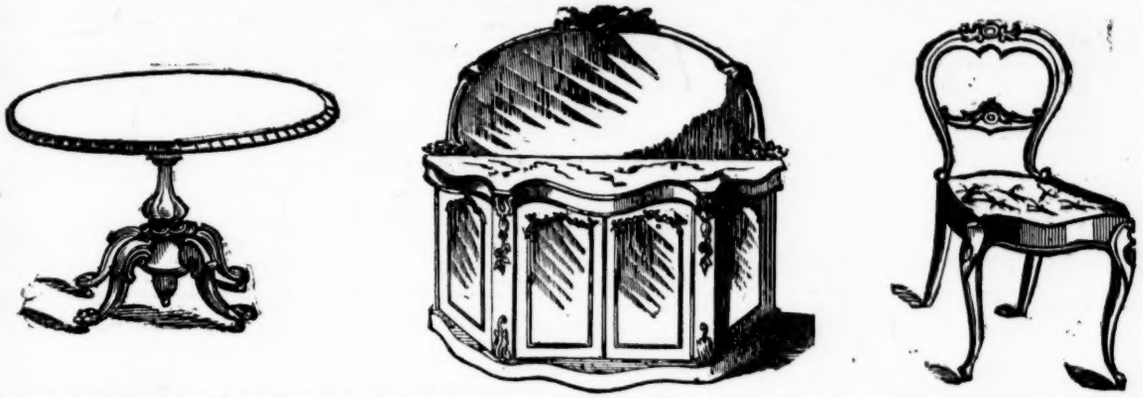

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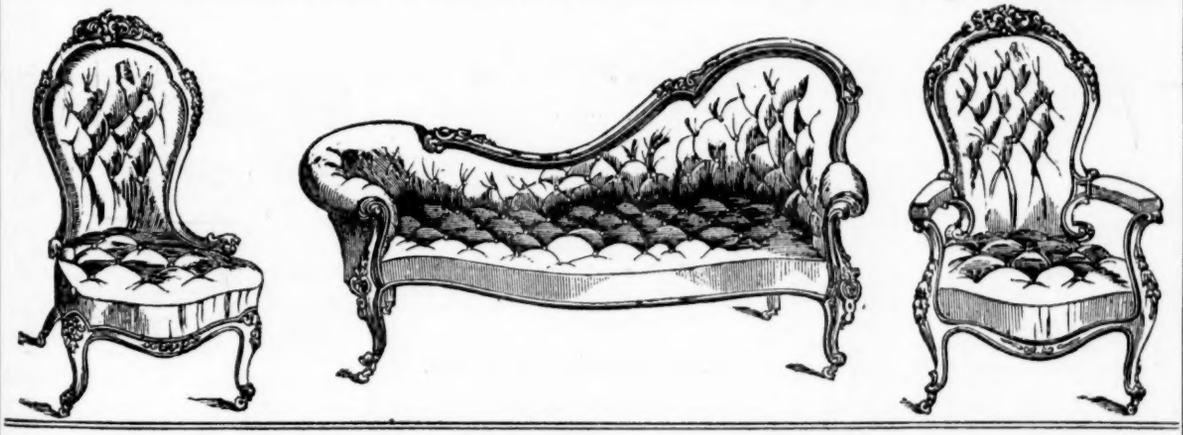

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